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THE
CHOICE,
OR
WISH;
A
POEM.

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Written by a Person of Quality.



EDINBURGH, Printed in the Year, 1701.

THE
CHOICE
OF
WISH
A
POEM

Written by J. D. M. & Co. & Co.




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The CHOICE, by a Person of Quality.

IF Heaven the grateful Liberty would give
That I might chuse my method how to live,
And all those hours propitious fate should lend
In Blissful ease and satisfaction spend.

Near some fair Town I'de have a privat seat
Built uniform, not little nor too great:
Better if on a rising ground it stood,
Fields on this side, on that a neighbouring Wood:
It should within no other things contain
But what were useful, necessary, plain.
Me thinks its nauseous, and I'de nere endure
The needless Pomp of gaudy furniture.
A little Garden grateful to the Eye,
And a cool Rivulet run murm'ring by;
On whose delicious banks a stately Row
Of shady Limes or Sycamours should grow.
At th' end of which a silent Study plac'd
Should be with the most noble Authors Grac'd:
Horace and *Virgil*, in whose mighty Lines
Immortal witt and solid Learning shines.
Sharp *Juvenal*, and Amorous *Ovid* too,
Who all the turns of Loves soft passion knew.
He that with Judgement reads his Charming lines,
In which strong art with stronger nature joyns,

Must

The CHOICE,

Must grant his Fancy does the best excell
His thoughts so tender and exprest so well
With all these moderns, men of stately sense
Esteem'd for Learning and for Eloquence.
In some of these as fancy should advise
I'de alwayes take my morning exercise
For sure no minutes bring us more content
Than those in pleaseing useful study spent.

I'de have a Clear and competent Estate,
That I might live gently, but not great :
As much as I could moderately spend ;
A little more sometimes to oblige a Friend.
Nor should the Sons of poverty repine
Too much at Fortune; they should taste of mine:
And all that objects of true pity were
Should be reliev'd with what my wants could spare :
For that our Maker has so largely given,
Should be return'd in Gratitude to Heaven.
A frugal plenty should my Table spread
With Healthy, not Luxurious Dishes, fed:
Enough to satisfy and something more,
To feed the stranger, and the neighbouring poor.
Strong meat indulges vice, and pampering food
Creates diseases, and inflames the Blood;
But what's sufficient to make nature strong,
And the bright Lamp of Life continue long,
I'de freely take; and, as I did possess,
The Bounteous Author of my plenty Bless.

I'de have a little Cellar, coole and neat,
With Humming Ale and Virgin Wine repleat:
Wine whets the Wit, improves its native force,
And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse,
By making all our Spirits Debonnair

Throws

Throws off the lees, the sedement of Care,
 But as the greatest Blessing Heaven lends
 May be debauch't and serve Ignoble ends:
 So but too oft the Grapes refreshing juice
 Mischievously does sad Effects produce.
 My House should no such rude disorders know,
 Which from high Drinking consequently flow;
 Nor would I use what was so kindly given
 To the dishonour of Indulgent Heaven.
 If any Neighbour came, he should be free,
 Us'd with respect, and not uneasie be
 In my retreat, or to himself or me. }
 What Freedom, prudence and right reason give,
 All men may with Immunity receive.
 But the least swerving from their rule's, too much;
 For what's forbidden us, it's Death to touch.

That life might be more comfortable yet,
 And all my joys refin'd, sincere and great,
 I'de chuse two Friends, whose company would be
 A great advance to my Felicity;
 Well born, of humours suited to my own,
 Discreet, and men as well as Books have known,
 Brave, Generous, witty and exactly free
 From loose behaviour or formalitie.
 Airy and prudent, Merry but not light,
 Quick in discerning and in Judging right,
 Secret, they should be faithful to their trust,
 In reasoning cool, strong, temperat and just,
 Obliging, open, without Huffing, brave,
 Brisk in discourse, in talking sober, grave,
 Close in dispute, but not tenacious, try'd
 By solid reason, and let that decide,
 Nor prone to Lust, Revenge or envious hate,
 Nor busie medlers with intrigues of State.

Strangers to slander, and sworn foes to spight,
 Not Quarrellsome but stout enough to fight,
 Loyal and pious friends, to *Cesar* true,
 Are dying Martyrs to their maker too.
 In their society I could not miss
 A Permanent, sincere, substantial Bliss.
 Would bountious Heav'n once more indulge, I'de chuse
 (For who would to much satisfaction loose
 As witty *Nymphs* in conversation give)
 Near some obliging modest Fair to live:
 For ther's that sweetness in a female mind
 Which in a mans we cannot hope to find.
 That by a secret but a powerful Art
 Winds up the strings of life and does impart
 Fresh vital heat to the transported heart. }
 I'de have her reason all her passion sway
 Easy in company, in privat Gay,
 Coy to a Fop, to the deserving free,
 Still constant to her self, and just to me.
 A Soul she should have for great Actions fit
 Prudence and Wisedom to direct her Witt,
 Courage to look bold danger in the face,
 No fear, but only to be proud or base;
 Quick to advise, by an Emergence prest
 To give good council or to take the best.
 I'de have th' expression of her thoughts be such
 She might not seem reserv'd nor talk too much:
 That shows a want of Judgement and of sense,
 More than enough is but Impertinence.
 Her Conduct regular, her mirth refin'd,
 Civil to strangers, to her Neighbours kind,
 Averse to Vanity, Revenge or Pride,
 In all the methods of discretion try'd,
 So faithful to her friend and good to all

No censure might upon her actions fall,
 Then would even Envy be compell'd to say,
 She goes the least of woman-kind astray.
 To this fair Creature, I'de sometimes retire,
 Her conversation would new Joys inspire
 Give life an Edge so keen; no surly care
 Would venture to assault my Soul, or dare
 Near my retreat to hide one secret snare.
 But so Divine, so Noble a repast
 I'de seldom, and with moderation taste,
 For highest Cordials all their vertue loose,
 By a too frequent and too bold an use.
 And what would chear the spirits in distress
 Ruins our health when taken to Excess.
 I'de be concern'd in no litigious Jarr,
 Belov'd by all, not vainly popular,
 What ev'r assistance I had power to bring
 T' oblige my Countrey, or to serve my King,
 When ev'r they call'd, I readily afford
 My tongue, my Pen, my Counsel or my Sword.
 Law suits I'de shun with as much studious care,
 As I would Dens where hungry Lyons are;
 And rather put up injury, than be
 A plague to him who'de be a Plague to me.
 I Value quiet at a price so great
 To give for my revenge so dear a rate:
 For what do we for all our Bustle gain,
 But counterfeit delights for real pain.
 If Heaven a date of many years would give
 Thus I'de in Pleasure, Ease and plenty live,
 And as I near approach the Verge of Life.
 Some kind Relation (for I'de have no Wife)
 Should take upon him ail my Worldly care;

While I did for a better life prepare.
 Then I'de not be with any trouble vex,
 Nor have the Evening of my day's perplex
 But by a silent and a peaceful Death
 Without a Sigh, resign my aged breath:
 And when committed to the Dust, I'de have
 Few Tears, but freely, dropt into my Grave.
 Then would my Exit so propitious be,
 All men would wish to live and dye like me.

P I N I S



